

Premises are pyramids still though perch on Alps.
And pyramids are pyramids in vale.
Each man makes his own stature,
builds himself.
Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids.
YOUNG.

Read Tomorrow's Instalment of the Thrilling Serial "The Hidden Hand," Which Appears on This Page

The Times' Sunday Magazine Page

Ignorance of the law excuses no man; not that all men know the law, but because 'tis an excuse every man will plead and no man can tell how to refute him.
JOHN SILDEN.

PLAY WELL

By C. D. BATCHELOR



YOU may feel that Fate has dealt you a poor hand. You may see in the game of life little hope of winning. Success usually consists not so much in playing a good hand indifferently, but in playing a poor hand well. Consider for a moment the great who have

played a poor hand well. Demosthenes, Byron, Blind Milton, Lincoln, Goldsmith, Stevenson. Some have had to fight against personal defects, ill health and the environment of bitter poverty. But stout courage overcame the spirit of quailing and each fought the good fight, played the game well against bitter odds.

Make Friends with the Stars

By Garrett P. Serviss.

IT is a pleasure to see how many people are learning the stars and constellations. They are laying up treasure for themselves whose value perhaps they do not half guess. The other day I read a poem called "Under Arcturus." Its title was a great attraction, like the waving of the hand of an old friend. Arcturus was one of the first stars I knew by name, and by look, when I was a boy. I used to see it rising past the crooked limbs of an orchard like a burning apple-blossom in spring evenings, and setting behind a hemlock-fringed hill like a red sugar of Christmas on Autumn nights. I found nothing about Arcturus in the poem, except the suggestion of its presence conveyed by the fanfare of the hulkman's horn and the buckle of the Hunter's Moon. Those things belong, as the poet knew, to the season when Arcturus follows the sun to bed, and that knowledge not only did him credit but gave him inspiration.

"When red dusk makes the Western sky
A fire-lit window through the fire,
He stoops to see the red fox die
Among the chestnut's broken burrs."

The poet who sets the name of a star, or puts the atmosphere of a star, in his verse borrows a jewel that imparts a celestial sheen to his work. No other names possess the magic of star names. I cannot see in print "Bilious," "Aldebaran," "Spica," "Antares," "Rigel," "Betelgeuse," "Albireo," without a thrill. But those names would not thrill me if I did not know, like friends, the stars to which they belong, and the seasons that they herald and adorn. Everybody ought to know them and when to look for them. An immeasurable pleasure is lost without such knowledge.

It is not enough to possess a star map. The A. B. C. of uranography should be carried in the head. Here is a possible aid to its quick acquirement, as far as the relation of the stars to the months and seasons is concerned. At the beginning of November the Great Square of Pegasus is on the meridian (north and south line of the sky) at about 9 p. m. Arrange your star map, then, or your celestial globe, with that constellation on the central sky line, and you will have before you a representation

of the entire visible heavens at that date and hour. With a little practice all the constellations, and the principal stars with names that are visible anywhere in the sky when the Square of Pegasus is on the meridian will be in your memory, and you will know at any time how the sky looks on the 1st of November. Apply the same method to the other months, with the aid of the following clues:

To-night, at 9 p. m., Cassiopeia, Andromeda and Cetus are all more or less centrally located on the meridian. Cetus in the south, Andromeda nearly overhead and Cassiopeia north of the zenith. On January 1 the Pleiades are on the meridian; on February 1, Orion; on March 1, Gemini; on April 1, Leo; on May 1, the Great Dipper (nearly overhead); on June 1, Virgo in the south, with Arcturus near the meridian overhead; on July 1, the Northern Crown; on August 1, Hydrus; on September 1, Aquila; on October 1, Capricornus in the south, with Cephurus standing on the pole in the north.

Other constellations besides those named are also on, or near, the meridian at these times, but certain ones have been chosen simply as landmarks to determine the location of the central line of the sky, the details being filled in either from the observer's already acquired knowledge or with the aid of a map or star globe.

It is well to remember that, owing to the eastward rotation of the earth, making one turn on its axis in twenty-four hours, the stars seem to move westward at the same rate. Their motion covers 15 degrees in one hour, and since they all keep the same step the whole heavens shift continually westward by that amount, stars previously unseen rising in the east as fast as the others set in the west. Then comes a curious fact, which is simple enough when you reflect upon it: owing to the earth's eastward motion in its orbit, making a complete circuit about the sun in twelve months, the stars are shifted westward by this annual motion just as much as the others set in the west. The daily motion in two hours, or in other words, they move westward 30 degrees in a month.

month earlier by setting them back eastward 30 degrees. Or, by subtracting from 9 p. m. two hours for each successive month following January, you can determine at what time of the night or day the Pleiades will be on the meridian for the entire year. The hours would be 7 p. m., February 1; 8 p. m., March 1; 9 p. m., April 1; 10 p. m., May 1; 11 a. m., June 1; 12 a. m., July 1; 1 a. m., August 1; 2 a. m., September 1; 3 a. m., October 1; 4 a. m., November 1; 5 a. m., December 1. By memorizing this list you can always tell after a moment's reflection where the great constellations surrounding the Pleiades must be in the sky, whether by day or by night.

The Pleiades stand as a central line-mark for the evening skies of mid-Winter. By choosing similar points of reference for Spring, Summer and Autumn, you can have a general picture of the revolving heavens in your mind, which will serve to locate the positions of the principal constellations, even without the aid of a star globe or map, provided that you know, broadly, the relative situations and juxtapositions of the constellations, a knowledge not at all difficult to acquire.

To illustrate how knowing the hour when the Pleiades, or other key groups, are on the meridian enables one to determine what other constellations are then above the horizon, consider how we infer, from our general acquaintance with geography, what parts of the earth are in the sunlight when it is noon at London, or at San Francisco, and what parts are under the shadow of night when it is midnight at those places, or at any other place whose geographical location is well known.

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DRACULA, OR THE VAMPIRE

By BRAM STOKER.

AFTER dinner, when we had all gathered round the fire in the study—Mrs. Harker having gone to bed—we discussed the attack, and discovered the day. Harker was the only one who had any result, and we are in great hopes that his clue may be an important one.

Before going to bed I went round to the patient's room and looked in through the observation trap. He was sleeping soundly, and his heart rose and fell with regular respiration.

This morning the man on duty reported to me that a little after midnight he was restless and kept saying his prayers somewhat loudly. I asked him if that was all; for, almost before he looked at me, he had fallen asleep. There was something about his manner so suspicious that I asked him point blank if he had been asleep. He denied sleep, but admitted to having "dozed" for a while. It is too bad that men cannot be trusted unless they are watched.

Today Harker is out following up his clue, and Art and Quincy are looking after him. Goddard thinks that it will be well to have horses always in readiness, for when we get the information which we seek there will be no time to lose. We must startle all the imported earth between sunrise and sunset; we shall thus catch the Count at his weakest, and without a refuge to fly to. Van Helsing is off to the British Museum looking up some authorities on ancient medicine. The old physicians took account of things which their followers do not accept, and the Professor is searching for witch and demon cures which may be useful to us later.

I sometimes think we must be all mad, and that we shall waste to sanity in straight-walked.

RENFIELD'S MOODS FOLLOW THOSE OF THE COUNT.

Later—We have met again. We seem at last to be on the track, and our work of tomorrow may be the beginning of the end. I wonder if Renfield's quiet has anything to do with this. His moods have so followed the doings of the Count, that the coming destruction of the monster may be carried to him in some subtle way. If we could only get some hint as to what passed in his mind, between the time of my argument with him today and his resumption of fly-catching, it might afford us a valuable clue. He has been unusually quiet for a spell. Is he?—that wild yell seemed to come from his room.

The attendant came, urging into my room and told me that Renfield had somehow met with some accident. He had heard him yell; and when he went to him found him lying on his face on the floor, all covered with blood. I must go on. . . .

CHAPTER XXI

DR. SEWARD'S DIARY.

3 October.—Let me put down with exactness all that happened, as well as I can remember it, since last I made an entry. No detail that I can recall must be forgotten; in all calmness I must proceed.

HEALED ON THE FLOOR

IN POOL OF BLOOD.

When I came to Renfield's room I found him lying on the floor on his left side in a glittering pool of blood. When I went to move him, it became at once apparent that he had received some terrible injury; those seemed none of that unity of purpose between the parts of the body which marks even lethargic sanity.

As the face was exposed I could see that it was horribly bruised, as though it had been beaten against the floor—indeed, it was from the face wounds that the pool of blood originated. The attendant who was crouched beside the body said to me as we turned him over:

"See, both his back and leg are broken, and the whole side of his face is paralyzed." How such a thing could have happened puzzled the attendant beyond measure. He seemed quite bewildered and his brows were gathered in as he said:

"I can't understand the two things. He could mark his face like that by beating his head on the floor. I saw a young woman do it once at the Everdell Asylum before. She could lay hands on her. And I suppose he might have broken his neck by awkward kink. But for the life of things occurred. If his back was broken, he couldn't beat his head, and the fall out of bed, there would be marks of it." I said to him:

"Go to Dr. Van Helsing, and ask him to kindly come here at once. I want him without an instant's delay." The man ran off, and within a few minutes the professor, in his dressing gown and slippers appeared. When

The Latest Smart Imported Hats



HICKSON IMPORTATIONS.

At the left are shown a Chinese set-hat and "lantern" bag—of marbled brown leather, both embroidered in wool, with tiny Chinese motifs in red, blue and green, and both finished with leather tassels of Chinese yellow.

The hat at the right is of dark-blue, gold-edged narrow grosgrain ribbon, row after row in the brim and bunched to form the crown, around which ribbon ends form a frilled wreath. The brim edge and the border of the crown are interwoven with tiny cerise ribbon in a basket effect.

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk.

THERE was a lady calm up to our house last night that says she has got a new religion. There is so many religions that I didn't know there was any room for another one, but she says she has got it. She learned it from a Indian Mistic, his name is Gunga Gun.

Did you ever meet Gunga Gun, she asked Pa, he is a most weird and charming man.

When I was a detective I met a lot of Gunga, and Pa, but I don't think any of them was named Gunga.

This man thrills a child with his great black eyes, and Missus Flitely. This is the name of Ma's friend, Missus Francesca Flitely. She is a widow.

Missus Gun, she told Pa & Ma, can send his astral body off among the stars & planets, and when it comes back it tells him anything he wants to know. He goes far, far into space, she said, but he always comes back with the knowledge which he went after.

I see, said Pa, in other words, said Pa, Missus Gun always brings home the bacon. I wonder if he could tell me what chance the Glants has to win the pennant.

This Indian Mistic doesn't trouble himself with common-places things like baseball, said Ma's friend. Baseball is for earth-worms. Baseball & shooting & fishing & staying down town with the boys & all that kind of childishness is not for master intellects like his.

I see, said Pa, he is a killjoy.

A what, said Ma's friend.

A smudge, said Pa, a kind of old Adam Bourgeois. I wouldn't pick up his hat if it blew off, said Pa. That kind of gents run for Sweeney.

I do not quite understand yure language, said Ma's friend Missus Flitely, but if you think there is any fake about this Indian Mistic, she said, it only goes to show yure own shallow nater. Grate, sublime souls like this, she said, don't care whether they are believed or disbelieved. This gentleman of which I have been speaking of seems things like munny, common, cheap, scord munny.

Do you hear that, wife? said Pa. Can you imagine that?

I am sure I don't care for munny, if that is what you mean, said Pa.

Of course you don't, said Pa, no munny than you care for the sunshine & the roses & yure own sweet life. Maybe you cud arrange to have this cultured person drop around & see us sun nite, said Pa.

If he don't care for munny he can't be working any shake-down gain, & in that case, said Pa, I shud really like to meet him.

He mite want to cum, said Ma's friend. He is vary, vary aloof.

Well, said Pa, he can sute himself. I shud giling away to meet him.

Their Married Life

Helen and Frances Discuss Mahomet, the Pet That Was Banished from the Curtis Home.

Copyright, 1917, International News Service.

"O Helen, Frances, I miss that cat more than I can say." Helen exclaimed. "But Frances, how on earth did it get there?"

"Easy enough, my dear. Notice the way the door from the hall into the studio has drawn away from the floor; why, there must be nearly three inches of space there. Of course we never noticed it before, but when Carp knelt down he could actually see out into the hall."

"I should have thought of just one thing."

"And that's just what I did. I thought that someone had been annoyed hearing the cat cry, and had slipped some poison under the door. Is that what you thought?"

Helen nodded. "Were you frightened?"

"Was I? Well, rather; but not as much as Carp, after all. My dear, let me tell you we realized that we were quite fond of that cat. Up to that time we took him as a matter of course, but now—well, you'll have an awful time getting it back, Helen."

"He seems to fit in better here, anyway, and Warren doesn't want him back while Winifred is growing up, so it looks as if Mahomet would be here a good long time. But go on with the story, Frances; what did you do?"

"There wasn't a thing we could do. We couldn't very well rush out and accuse different people in the building of poisoning our cat. So Carp carefully examined the food, and really Helen net a thing had been eaten from it."

"No, he doesn't like anything but meat, fortunately."

"Well, Carp wrapped the bread or whatever it was, up carefully in a paper, and determined to have it analyzed just for our own satisfaction. But the next morning the mystery was solved. There's the nicest little woman living in the studio over this, and she stopped here on her way out. I didn't know who she was till she smiled at Mahomet and said with the quaintest accent:

"Ah, there's the cat I tried to feed."

"Oh, did you?" I gasped. Actually I never felt so relieved in my life."

"Well, the long and short of the story was that Mahomet had been howling his head off for company, and that nice little woman had had done her best with what she had in the house to help him out. Needless to say, Carp and I were thankful, and that's how we discovered how much we like him. It's a good story, isn't it?" And Frances put a long, steady streak of orange over the table she was painting, while Mahomet came up as near as he dared and began to purr distractingly, as though he was perfectly aware that the conversation had been all about him.

"This" as he called it, happened to be a slice of paper with some

To Be Continued.

For the Prevention of Consumption

By Ira S. Wile, M. D., Associate Editor American Medicine and Member N. Y. City Board of Education.

EVERY three minutes there is a death from consumption in the United States.

Twenty persons each hour are sacrificed to the White Plague. If your family has lost time, vigorous men and splendid young women from this cause, no one need narrate to you the sorrowful days of wretched illness.

From infancy to old age the germ of tuberculosis ravages the land. You can scarcely avoid some contact with this infection.

The minute germ is really distributed by a cough, a sneeze, the explosive laughter of unknowing, as well as knowing, sufferers from tuberculosis.

Your vital resistance, your sound

health, is essential to repel the attacks of the ever-invading enemy.

Live in the air to the fullest extent possible, by day and by night.

Open the windows—let in the fresh air and sunshine.

If you are cold, put on more clothing or add more coal to the fire.

Air is cheap—sunshine is a gift—do not squander them.

Ventilation must be free to remove the noxious air and dust from most stuffy rooms.

Eat simple nutritious foods. Chew them thoroughly. Have enough to eat—no more, no less.

Cleanliness in clothing, habits and practices adds to your power and potential ability to withstand disease.

Live in the light. The rays of the sun are not only curative but potent preventive agencies against numerous diseases.

Avoid dust and dusty conditions—

in the home, the shop, the factory. Sleep, rest, refresh yourself after the fatiguing labors of the day or night.

Overwork invites disease. Keep your body active, and all your organs adequately exercised.

Alcohol is a preservative of dead tissue—a destroyer of living cells. You have known all this—and more that might be said.

But do you practice the principles of living that make for health? Do you live a sane, normal life, you will foster your health.

The prevention of tuberculosis costs little. Its cure is expensive in time and money.

Health development is your main weapon against consumption.

Are you ready for the fight? Yes? Keep that way. No? Prepare yourself.

Do not wait until you are attacked.